

THE

5

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

A

COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury - Lane.

L O N D O N :

For R. BUTTERS, No. 79, Fleet Street; and sold by all the
Bookellers in Town and Country.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT - GARDEN.

M E N.

Duke of Milan,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
Valentine,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lewis,
Protheus,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren,
Speed,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Edwin,
Launce,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quick,

Several Outlaws with Valentine.

W O M E N.

Julia,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Pope.
Silvia,	-	-	-	-	Miss Brunton,
Lucetta,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattock,

SCENE, *the first Act in Verona, the rest in Milan.*



The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I. Scene I. *An open Palace in Verona.*

Valentine and Protheus.

Val. **C**EASE to persuade, my loving Protheus ;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits ;
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness ;
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein ;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone ? Sweet Valentine, adieu ;
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel ;
With me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap, and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer ;
For I will be thy head-maq, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Ay, on some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander swam the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love ;
No, we will love, my friend, with more success ;
For you are formed by nature for a lover.

Val. O I shall never swim the Hellespont ;
To be in love ! where scorn is bought with groans ;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's
With twenty watchful tedious nights. [mirth,
If haply won, perhaps an hapless gain ;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;
However but a folly bought with wit ;
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at ; I am not love,

Val. Love is your master ; for he masters you.
And he that is so vaaked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chideled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love

4 TWO GENTLEMEN

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow ;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary of fond desire ?

Once more adieu : my father at the gates
Expects my coming, there to see me mount.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no ; now let us take our leave.
At Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love ; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend :
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee at Milan.

Val. As much to you at home ; and so farewell. *[Exit]*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love ;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou Julia ! thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thoughts.

Enter Speed.

Sp. Sir Protheus, save you ; saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted from me for Milan.

Sp. Twenty to one then he sets off before me,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
As if the shepherd be a while away.

Sp. You conclude my master is a shepherd then, and I
a sheep.

Pro. I do.

Sp. Nay, sir, that I can deny by circumstance—

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Sp. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep
the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and not my master
me ; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, as
thou for wages followest thy master ; therefore thou art
a sheep—

Sp. Such another proof will make me cry baa— *(Gong)*

Pro.

OF VERONA.

57

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to

Sp. No.

[*Julia?*]

Pro. No—why that was my request—and that you should deliver it to her with your own hand.

Sp. Why sir, you did so; but I gave it to one I liked better than madam Julia.

Pro. Why, thou trifling villain, explain thyself!

Sp. Why sir, chamber maids are like porches to your doors, you must pass the one, before you can have entrance to the other: so I gave your letter to your mistress's maid Lucetta, and told her it came from you—by which means I served myself as well as you; I got some kisses, which her lady would have been too proud to reward me with.

Pro. Well: Lecetta is handsome, and I believe an honest girl.

Sp. To say that a waiting woman is handsome and yet chaste, is to affirm that the knight keeps to my lady in the high bed and never truckles. Ay, sir, they are like lotteries; a man may chuse twenty before he shall find one prize. And so, sir, if that's all I am to get, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go get thee gone, for an arch villain.— (*Exit.*
The rogue has disappointed me—I sent my letter by him,
That Julia's family might turn their fears on Valentine.

(*Exit.*)

Scene, the hall of Anthonio's house.

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. Tell me, Panthion—what grave talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out.
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Protheus, your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

A

Ant.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Is gone with letters to the duke of Milan.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
There shall he practice tilts and tournaments, (thither
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the court of Milan.

Pant. To morrow, may it please you don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the royal duke,
And to recommend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Protheus go!
And in good time now will we break it to him.

Enter Protheus, reading a letter, followed by Launce.

Pro. Sweet love—sweet lines, sweet life!

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart!

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn!

Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

And seal our happiness with their consents!

Oh! heavenly Julia! How got you this letter!

Launce. [In a low voice.] Madam Julia beckoned from
the balcony, and, tipping me a sweet wink, dropt it in-
to my hat.

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two of
commendation sent from Valentine, brought by a friend
that met him on the way.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news?

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
wishing me with him partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sort'd with his wish.
Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the court of Milan.
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
'To-morrow be in readiness to go;
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord I cannot be so soon provided;
Please to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthion, you shall be employ'd
To hasten on this expedition; run home, Launce,
Run my good lad, and pack up speedily:
To-morrow you both away for Milan.
I have said it. [*Exit Anthonio, Panthion, and Launce,*

Launce looking in a fright at his master.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of drowning,
And drench'd me in the sea where I am drown'd;
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the 'vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love:
O how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauties of the sun
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Panthion re-enters.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto:
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Julia's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names; I'll shew my mind,
Accord-

8 TWO GENTLEMEN.

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair fir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now, what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon dear madam, 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am
Should censure thus on worthy gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus as on all the rest?

Luc. Then thus; of many bad, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he of all the rest, has never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves you.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind. (per, madam.)

Luc. [Pulling a letter out of her bosom.] Peruse this pa-

Jul. (Looking at it.) To Julia, say from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page—but sent, he said, from
Protheus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

There, take the paper; see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love, deserves more see than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. O yes, that you may ruminate. (Exit Luc.)

Jul. And yet I would—I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she that knows I am a maid,

OF VERONA.

And would not force the letter to my view ?
 Fie, fie ; how wayward is this foolish love,
 That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
 And presently all humbled, kiss the rod ?
 How churlish'y I chid Lu.c.et.ta hence,
 When willingly I would have had her here !
 My penance is to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho ! Lucetta !

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?

Jul. It's near dinner time. ?

Luc. I would it were ;

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly ?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then ?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns.

Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of your's hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it madam to a tune.

O how melodious were it, would you sing it !

Jul. And why not you ?

Luc. I cannot reach so high :

Jul. Let's see your song.

(Lucetta shows the letter)

How now minion ?

(as before)

Luc. Why now, methinks, I do not like that tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too sawcy.

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me,

Takes the letter and tears it.

Here is a coil with protestation !

Go get you gone and let the papers lye ;

You would be fingering them——begone.

(Exit Luc.)

O hateful hands to tear such loving words ?

Injurious wasps to feed on such sweet honey,

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings !

I'll kiss each several paper for amends ;

Look, here is writ——“ kind Julia !”

And

And here—love wounded Protheus——

Poor wounded name! my bosom has a bed

Shall lodge thee, 'till the wound be thoroughly heal'd,

And thus I search it with a sov'reign kiss. *[Kisses it]*

Lucetta returns slowly with looks of fear.

Julia looking gravely at her.

Jul. Well——

Luc. Madam!

[Trembling.]

Jul. What's the matter? your business?

Luc. Nothing madam.

[Retiring.]

Jul. Nothing! you came uncall'd—looked frighted—and are trembling! can this be at nothing?

Luc. No—nothing, madam—there is—nothing——

Yes—there is—nothing, madam——

Jul. What has bewitch'd thee, Lucetta? there must be something.

Luc. Yes, madam—there is something—somebody—but you frighten me so!

Jul. Who is it?

Luc. Why, madam—it is, madam, pray don't be angry with me—Sir Protheus—madam—he begs to speak with you a few words in haste, madam.

Jul. Protheus! why did'nt you tell me in haste?

Why all this coll to tell me?

[Runs out.]

Luc. Ha, ha, ha—you have spoke at last, my young, hypocritical lady, I can see plainly, altho' you judge I wink—or I have rather wink'd when you suppos'd I slept! How those modest young ladies can counterfeit—and cover their passions with indifference? nay, I have counterfeited too, and paid her in the same coin—for I have counterfeited fear to flatter her hypocrisy! how player-like did I enact fear in delivering the letter?—when it was plain all the way she would be pleas'd to be so anger'd with another—She shan't think tho' to carry on even an honourable intrigue without me—No, no, that must not be—what will the lawyers say, If I was to suffer my young lady to dispose of her own property without looking into her deeds and settlements?—Bless me, here they come!—and my lady in trouble.

[She goes off.]

Enter Protheus! and Julia.

[Julia in tears.]

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia?

Jul. I must where there is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner;

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake *[Giving a ring.]*

Pro.

OF VERONA.

77

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange with this;

[*Giving his ring.*]

And seal the bargain with a holy kiss,
Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erfills me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake;
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My dearest Julia! what — not a word!
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak.
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Lucetta re-enters.

Luc. Sir Protheus, your servant waits.

Pro. I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb — [*Exit.*]

Jul. [*After a pause*] Counsel Lucetta; gentle girl assist me;
And even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean
How with my honour, I may go to Milan,
After my loving Protheus.

Luc. Loving and belov'd is't not, lady?
So, so, so,—You blush too—nay then the secret is out;
you do confess your love to him, and cruelty to me—
But, madam, pray stay where you are—He can write
letters you know—and you can fright me when I present
them to you.

Jul. Dear Lucetta.

Luc. Well, well, though the flame is broke out—pray
damp its violence—call prudence to your aid—consider
the way is wearisome and long—

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear till Protheus make return.

Jul. Thou know'st not that his looks are my soul's food?
Did'st thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. Nay, nay.

But qualify the fire's extremest rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;

But

18 TWO GENTLEMEN

But when his fair course is not hinder'd,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step hath brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseeem some well reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No girl, I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd conceited true love-knots:
To be fantastick may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your habit?

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly;
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstay'd a journey?
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him.

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To

OF VERONA.

69

To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of;
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
And what's more dear than all, my reputation!
Only in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but do it presently,
I am impatient of thy tarriance.

Exit

ACT II. *Scene changes to Milan. The Duke's palace.*
Valentine and Speed.

Speed. SIR, your glove. *(presenting a lady's glove.)*

Val. Not mine.

Ha! let me see it: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ab Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. (calling aloud.) Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, Arrah!

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why sir, who bid you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well,—you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last night chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to sir,—tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry sir, by these special old marks; first you have learned, like sir Protheus' to wreath your arms like a malecontent—to walk alone like one that had the penitence; with your hat, pent-house like over your eyes, and your hands in your pocket, like Dutchman.—You sigh—weep—fast—watch—and speak pining like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock, when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; but now you are so metamorphos'd with a mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without you.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze so on at supper?

B

Val.

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not,

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,
And yet know'st her not?

Spe. d. Is she not hard favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well-favour'd.
You never saw her since she was deform'd?

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have loved ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, sir, you cannot see her. O, that
you had mine eyes! or your own eyes had the lights they
were wont to have, when you chid sir Protheus for going
ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deform-
mity.—For he, being in love, could not see to garter his
hose; and you, being in love, this morning could not see
to put your hose on.

Val. Well then, in conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you would set, so your affection would
cease.

Val. Last night she enjoind me (strange employ-
ment!) to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you, sir?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely written?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam, and mistress, a thousand good morrow.

Serv. d. Oh! give you good even—Here's a million of
manners.

Silvia. Sir Valentine, and servant, to you two thou-
sand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret, happy, friend of yours;

White

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Silvia. (*Takes the paper and looks at it.*)— I thank you,
'Tis very clerkly done. (*gentle servant,*

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off,
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random very doubtfully.

Silv. Perchance you think too much of all this pains ?
(*All this while she is reading in the paper, but now and then looking over at Valentine.*

Val. No, madam, so it serves you, I will write,
Please you command—a thousand times as much ;
And yet ———

Silvia. (*Reading out.*) “ I should do wrong to merit,
not to love and honour you———”

A very pretty period !—Well, I guess the sequel—
And yet I will not name it—and yet I care not,
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Sp. ed. And yet you will, and yet you won't, and yet,
Another yet, I beg. (*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship ? do you not like it ?

Silvia. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ ;
But, since unwillingly, take them again——

Nay take them.——

Val. Madam, they are for you.——

Silvia. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request——
But I will none of them—They are for you !
I would have had them writ more movingly.—

Val. Please you I'll write your ladyship another.

Silvia. And when 'tis writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so, if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then ?

Silvia. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour ;
And so good morrow, servant. (*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen ! inferutable ! invisible !
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple.
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?
That my master, being the scribe to himself, should
write the letter.

Val. How now, sir, what are you reasoning with your-
self ?

Sp. Nay, I was rhiming, 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself; why she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me?

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir—but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I wrote to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered—and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well;

For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself, to write unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you, sir?—'tis near dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir, though the camelion love
can feed on air, I am one that am nourished by my vic-
tuals, and would fain have meat. —

Val. Begone then, and leave me.

Speed. O, sir, follow your mistress's direction—write
more movingly—be mov'd, sir, be mov'd — [Exit]

Val. [Pausing.] My jealous fears confound me!—Silvia!
The unblown rose, the chrystal, nor the diamond,
Are not more pure than she! Her very name,
Like some celestial fire, quickens my spirit!
She is the star by whom my fate is led!

Re-enter Silvia.

She comes again! her eyes are smiling too!
Kindly as sun-shine to the new-born spring!
My dearest Silvia! distract me not with riddles—
I am on the verge of happiness or misery!

Lord

Lord Thurio is my rival! a potent one!
Proud of his wealth and power—but, what is worse,
Approv'd, nay chosen, by the duke your father.

Silvia. 'Tis true: and that's my grief. But I am free,
And will not be enslav'd; nor doom'd to wed
That singing, vain, that self-sufficient lord.—
To your protection I submit myself.

Val. My arms shall be your sanctuary!
I'll lodge you in my bosom, and wear you
(*Lord Thurio is heard singing without.*)
In my heart—lord Thurio comes!
Let us retire.

Silvia. We are observ'd—this paper will direct you
(*Gives a paper to Valentine, who retires with it to the back of the scene*)

Enter Lord Thurio, singing.

Thurio. Lady Silvia—I am your ladyship's slave. I have
been sitting for my picture this morning; in hopes you
will receive the shadow of your humble servant, with
more kindness than you are pleas'd to honour the sub-
stance: but if I had my will, the painter should take me
at my prayers—there is then a heavenly beauty in the
face—the soul moves in the superficies; and would bear
an exact semblance of the adoration I pay to your charms.

Silvia. My lord, your compliment calls your faith in
question,
But you were bred with the milk of the court!
You speak the courtier's dialect—and it becomes you.

(*Turning to Valentine.*)

Well servant—what say you, sir? you are sad?

Val. Indeed madam, I seem so.

Thurio. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thurio. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thurio. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thurio. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Folly.

Thurio. And pray how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thurio. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thurio. How?

Silvia. What angry, my lord, do you change colour?

TWO GENTLEMEN

Val. Give him leave, madam, he is a kind camelion.

Thurio. That hath more mind to feed on your blood,
Than live in your air.

Val. You have said, my lord.

Thurio. Ay, sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well; you always end, ere you begin.

Silv. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly
shot off.

Val. True indeed, madam, we thank the giver.

Silv. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself sweet lady: my lord Thurio borrows
his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he
borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall
make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, my lord! you have an exchequer
of words, but they would appear better when set to a
tune——your lordship would sing them better than
any man of quality at court. (father.

Silv. No more, gentlemen, no more——here comes my
Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now daughter Silvia, you are hard beset:
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health;
What say you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you, don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the nobleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together;
And tho' myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Protheus (for that's his name,)
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe;
And, in a word, so far behind his worth,

Come all the praises that I now bestow,
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good deeds to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Bestrew me, sir, but if he makes this good
He is as worthy for an empress' love,

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations, from great potentates;
And here he means to spend some time, a while;
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, lord Thurio;

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did ho'd his eyes, lockt in her chrystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay then, he should be blind; and being blind,
How could he see his way to seek you out?

Val. Why lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thurio. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object, love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done, here comes the gentleman.

Enter Protheus.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus; lady, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome, by some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither.
If this be he, you oft have wish'd to hear from?

Val. Mistress, it is; sweet lady entertain him,
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady, but too mean a servant.
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome!

Pro. That you are worthless.

Exit

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit servant.*] Come, lord Thurio, your hand.

[*Lord Thurio accepts her hand obsequiously.*]

Once more my new servant, welcome.

We'll leave you to confer on home affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

[*Exit Silvia and Thurio.*]

Val. Now tell me, how do all, from whence you came ?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. How does your lady ? and how thrives your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were not wont to weary you ; I know you joy not in a love discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now !

I have done penance for contemning love ;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans :

For in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes ;

O gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord ;

And hath so humbled me, as I confess,

There is no woe to his correction ;

Nor to his service, no such joy on earth !

Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;

Now, I can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough, I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine !

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ; And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth of her ; if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth !

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. O friend, except not any.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too ; She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,

OF VERONA.

21

To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And of so great a favour growing proud.
Disdain to root the summer swelling flower;
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine! what bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone——

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world; why man, she is my own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty fairs, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold!
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee;
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
(Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after:
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, And we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage hour;

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd on; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs, to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.

I'll step to my apartment;—there I want,

Some necessaries that I needs must use;

And then I'll presently attend you.—— [*Exit Valentine.*]

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels;

So the remembrance of my former love

Is, by a newer object, quite forgotten.

Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,

That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?

She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,

That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;

Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,

Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold;

And that I love him not as I was wont.

O! but I love his lady too, too, much!
 And that's the reason I love him so little.
 How shall I doat on her with more advice,
 That thus without advice, begin to love her?
 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
 And that hath dazzled so my reason's light:
 And when I look on her perfections,
 There is no reason but I shall be blind:
 If I can check my erring love, I will;
 If not to compass her, I'll use my skill.

Scene changes to a street in Milan.

Enter Launce with his dog Crab—Launce sobbing and crying.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am come here with my master, to the court of Milan. I think, Crab my dog be the fowrest-natur'd dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, and all our house in great perplexity; yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear—He is a stone, a very pebble stone; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam have no eyes, wept herself blind, at my parting;—nay I'll shew the manner of it; this shoe is my father, no this left shoe is my father—No, no, this left shoe is my mother, ay, it is so, it hath the worser sole; this shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't there 'tis: now fir, this staff is my sister, for look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand?—This hat is Nan—ay, black Nan, our maid; I am the dog—No he is the dog, and I am myself. Now come I to my father; father, your blessing. Now the shoe can't speak a word for weeping, well he weeps on. Now come I to my mother. Oh, that she could speak now, but good woman, her breath goes up and down. Now come I to my sister. Mark the moan she makes now Crab all this while sheds not one tear!—But see how I lay the dust with my tears. *(He cries and sobb again)*

Enter Speed.

Speed. What, my old friend Launce, welcome to Milan. What, in tears, man?

Launce. Ay, *(Sobbing.)* only Crab and I, of all our family in a strange place.

Speed. Come Launce, dry thy tears, by my honesty

thou shalt be welcome in Milan. —

Launce. Forswear not thyself, friend, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd or never welcome to a place 'till certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on you madcap ; I'll go with you presently ; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have a flagon of rhenish, and a thousand welcomes. But, friend Launce, how did thy master part with madam Julia ?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him ?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then ? shall he marry her ?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken ?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fil.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them ?

Launce. Why, not at all.

Speed. What an ass art thou ? I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not ?

Speed. But, Launce, tell me true, wilt be a match ?

Launce. As my dog Crab ; if he says ay, it will ; if he says no, it will ; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will. (will.)

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so ; but, Launce, what say'st thou ? that my master is become a notable lover ?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how ?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why thou whor'son ass, thou mistakest me.

I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love ; if thou wilt go with me, and give me the flaggon of rhenish, so—if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why ?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the tavern with a christian ; wilt thou go ?

Speed. At thy service.

(Exeunt.)

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn ;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn ;

To

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn :
 And ev'n that power, which gave me first my oath,
 Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
 Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear.
 O, sweet suggesting love ! if I have sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it -
 At first I did adore a twinkling star ;
 But now I worship a celestial sun !
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will.
 To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better ?
 Fie, fie, unrevenge'd tongue ! to call her bad,
 Whose sov'reignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths -
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose ;
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself :
 If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia !
 And Silvia (witness heav'n, that made her fair ?)
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop !
 I will forget that Julia is alive ;
 Remembering that my love to her is dead :
 And Valentine I'll hold my enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend !
 This night, he meaneth, with a corded ladder,
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window ;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor.
 Now, presently, I'll give her farther notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight ;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine ;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me skill to plot this drift

[Exit,

ACT III. Scene I, *The garden of the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke. SIR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while ;
 We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit Thurio.

Now tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
 The law of friendship bids me to conceal :

But,

OF VERONA.

25

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, else, no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter :
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates :
And, should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chuse
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thyself hath now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself hath ever kept :
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down :
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently :
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him. &
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aim'd at :

For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord : sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit Protheus.
Scene

C

Scene II. Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?*Val.* Please it your grace, there is a messenger That stays to bear my letters to my friends, And I am going to deliver them.*Duke.* Be they of much import?*Val.* The tenor of them doth but signify My health, and happy being at your court.*Duke.* Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile; I am to break with thee of some affairs That touch me near; wherein thou must be secret. 'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought To match my friend, lord Thurio, to my daughter.*Val.* I know it well, my lord; and sure the match Were rich and honourable; besides, the nobleman Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities, Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter. Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?*Duke.* No, trust me, she is peevish, sullen, froward, Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty; Neither regarding that she is my child, Nor fearing me as if I were her father: And may I say to thee, this pride of her's Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her; And where I thought the remnant of mine age Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty, I now am full resolv'd to take a wife, And turn her out to who will take her in; Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower; For me and my possessions she esteems not.*Val.* What would your grace have me to do in this?*Duke.* There is a lady, sir, in Milan here, Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy, And nought esteems my aged eloquence; Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor; (For long agoe I have forgot to court; Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd) How and which way I may bestow myself, To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respects not words; Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that I sent her.*Val.* A woman sometimes scorns what best contents
Send her another; never give her o'er;[her;
For

For scorn at first makes after love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,

But rather to beget more love in you :

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone :

For why, the fools are mad if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;

For, get you gone, she doth not mean away.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;

Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels faces

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,

If, with his tongue, he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it,

Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,

Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,

Advise me where I may have such a ladder ?

Val. When would you use it ? pray, sir, tell me that ?

Duke. This very night ; for love is like a child,

That longs for ev'ry thing that he cannot come by.

Val. By nine o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee, I will go to her alone :

How shall I best convey the ladder thither ?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord,

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak ;

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak ?

I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same ? what's here ? To Silvia !

And here the engine fit for my proceeding.

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Duke reads]

What's here? "Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee."

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaeton, for thou art Merop's son,

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mate,

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But, if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself;

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

She is my essence, and I leave to be

If I be not, by her fair influence,

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death to fly his deadly doom;

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;

But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So ho, so ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Launce. Him we go to find.

There's not a hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Launce. Whom would'st thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear!

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing; pray let me strike nothing.

Pro.

Pro. I say, forbear ! Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stop'd, and cannot hear good news.
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia:
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me,
What is your news ? (nished.

Launcer. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are va-

Pro. That thou art banish'd : Oh ! that is the news
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already ;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd ?

Pro. Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom,
Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears ;
Those, at her father's churlish feet, she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands : whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire :

but Valentine, if he be taken, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more : unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant pow'r upon my life ;

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless doleour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good :

Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love :

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff, walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,

TWO GENTLEMEN

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
 Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
 The time now serves not to expostulate:
 Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate,
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
 As thou lov'st Silvia, tho' not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, and if thou see'st my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out: come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have wit
 enough to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's
 all one, if he but one knave. He lives not now that
 knows me to be in love, yet I am in love: but a team of
 horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love,
 and yet 'tis a woman, but what woman I will not tell
 myself; and yet 'tis a milk maid; yet 'tis not a maid,
 for she hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is her
 master's maid, and serves for wages; she hath more
 qualities than a water spaniel, which is much in a bare
 christian. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of
 of her conditions: Imprimis, she can fetch and carry;
 why a horse can do no more; nay a horse cannot fetch
 but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade.
 Item, she can milk; look you a sweet virtue in a maid
 with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signor Launce? what news with you?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them?

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt head, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou lyest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
 grandmother: this proves thou can'st not read.

Speed. Come fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Launce. There, and St. Nicholas be thy speed.

Speed. Imprimis, she can milk.

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed.

Speed. Item, she brews good ale.

Launce. And therefore comes the proverb, 'Blessing of your heart, you-brew good ale.'

Speed. She can sew.

That's as much as to say, 'can she so?'

Speed. Item, she can knit.

Launce. An excellent quality. I shall wear good stockings.

Speed. Item, she can wash and scour.

Launce. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, she can spin.

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, she hath many nameless virtues.

Launce. That's as much as to say bastard virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no

Speed. Here follow her vices. (names.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item, she doth talk in her sleep.

Launce. So much the better, I shall know all her secrets.

Speed. Item, she is slow in words.

Launce. Oh villain! that set down among her vices! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Well, proceed,

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Launce. Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Read that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs.

Launce.

Launce. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Launce. Wh., that word wealth makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible——

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee? ay who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee. Why thy master is vanish'd.

Speed. And I must go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long lurking here like an idle fellow, that going will scarce serve turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters. [Exit.]

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.]

Scene V. An apartment in the Palace. Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Lord Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you. Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thur. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which, with an hour's heat, Dissolves to water, and doth lose its form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, sir Protheus; is your countryman, According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou hast shown some sign of good desert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace, Let me not live to look upon your grace,

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between lord Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also I do think thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love lord Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue to love him.
But say this, wean her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love lord Thurio.

Thu. Yes, sir, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me:
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already, love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, you shall have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large:
For she is much distressed, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake, will accept of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.
But you, lord Thurio, are not sharp enough;

You

You must lay lime, to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes,
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie.

Ths. If rhimes will do, my muse shall be employ'd,
To paint her beauties fairer than the morn;

I can write sonnets, sir, and set them too,

Ay, and can sing them with the best in Milan.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again, and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsoke unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet comforts to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Ths. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music;

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterwards determinate our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you. [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A Forest. Enter Valentine followed by Speed.*

Speed. **D**EAR sir, proceed no farther in this dangerous forest, what will become of us if we fall into the hands of the outlaws?

Val. Can there be addition to my misery?
If there can, I'll counterfeit some story.

Enter several Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows stand fast, here are passengers.
Stand, sir, or we'll make you.

Speed.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains that all the travellers fear so much.

Val. My friends.

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are those poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

1 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

1 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Not very long, but longer might have said,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so,
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom:

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

2 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him, Sirs, a word, [*They whisper.*
Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable kind
of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

1 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

1 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heiress, and near ally'd unto the duke.

But

But to the purpose ; for we'll cite our faults,
That they may ha'd excus'd our lawless lives ;
You seem a gentleman, and beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report,
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want.
'Therefore above the rest we parley to you ;
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live as we do in the wilderness ?

a Out. What say'st thou ? wilt thou be of our consort ?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all ;
We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king

i Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

a Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

i Out. No, we detest such vile practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got ;
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose. {*Exeunt.*
Scene II. *An open Place under Silvia's apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already I've been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer :
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my fashood to my friend ;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd.
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio : now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio, Musicians, &c.

Thur. How now, sir Protheus, are you crept before us ?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio ; for you know, that love

Will

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Tha. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here?

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Tha. Whom, Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia, for your sake.

Tha. I thank you for your own; now, gentlemen,
Let's tune and to it lustily a while.

Scene III. Enter Host, and Julia to *Bay's* church.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholy;
I pray, what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry; I
have heard too much since my arrival here.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I have brought
you where you shall hear music, and see the gentlemen
that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music,

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but, peace, let's hear 'em.

Who is Silvia? what is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heav'n such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness;

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling;

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before
now do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very
art-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

D

Jul.

Jul. Ay, would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Hos. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit when it jars so.

Hos. Did you mark that fine change in the music?

Jul. Ay; that change is the spight.

Hos. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have me play but one thing,
But, host, doth this Protheus that we talk on,
Often resort unto this lady?

Hos. I tell you what, Launce his man told me he lov'd
her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Hos. Gone to seek his master's dog, which to-morrow
by his command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

(They retire.)

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Lord Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewel.

Exit. Thu. and Musc.

Scene IV. *Enter Silvia above.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is he that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass your's.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,
That presently you bid you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thyattery,

That hath deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, y^e this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

E'en for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant sweet love that I did love a lady.
But she is dead.

Jul. (Aside.) Very near it, indeed;
But I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survive, to whom thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. (Aside.) He he ſd not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep;
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. (Aside.) If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure de-
ceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow as I am.

Sil. I'm very loth to be your idol, ſir;
But ſince your faſhion ſhall become you well,
To worſhip ſhadows and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it;
And ſo good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

Jul. Hoſt, w'l you go?

Hſ. By my halidom I was faſt aſleep.

Jul. Pray you where lies Sir Protheus?

Hſ. Marry at my houſe; truſt me I think 'tis almoſt day.

Jul. 'Tis ſo, but it hath been the longeſt night,
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavy one.

Scene V. Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour the lady Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in,
Ma'am, inadam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?

D a

Egl.

Egl. Your servant and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service,
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd ;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;
And for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company ;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour ;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues,
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me :
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,)
I give consent to go along with you,
Reck'ning as little what becometh me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go ?

Sil. This morning coming on at nine.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell ;
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship ;
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

(*Exeunt.*
Enter

OF VERONA.

41

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant,

Where have you been these two hours loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried lady Silvia the dog you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog is a cur, and tells you, currish thanks are good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she rece.v'd my dog?

Laun. No indeed, she did not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'st thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay sir, your little dog Squirrel was stol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd the lady mine own Crab, who is a dog as big as ten of your's, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame. [*Ex. Laun.*
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business;

(For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt)

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which if my augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth;

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee,

Go presently, and take this ring with thee;

Deliver it to lady Silvia.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd her not to leave her token: she's dead belike.

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give there withal,
This letter. Go, that's your way. Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber.
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. *(Exit Pro.)*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Protheus, thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me?
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now I am, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself,
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,
As heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed. *(Exit)*

Scene changeth to an open Part of the Palace. Enter Silvia.

'Tis now near nine, now for St. Patrick's cell,
To meet my faithful friend, my Eglamore. *(Going)*

Enter Julia.

Jul. Lady, good morn, I pray you be my mean,
To bring me where to speak with lady Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master sir Protheus, madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Go, give your master this:

It may divert him from my intended flight.

Tell him from me.

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better sit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter.
Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd,

Deliver

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again ?

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold :

I will not look upon your master's lines,

I know they're stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths, which he will break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

(He tears it and throws it down.)

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me ;

For I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure :

Tho' his false finger have prophan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her
Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself.

To think upon her woes I do protest

That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Protheus hath forsok her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.

But, since she did neglect her looking glass,

And threw her sun expelling mask away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as brown as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to act the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,

As if the garment had been made for me ;

Therefore I know she is about my height,

And, at that time, I made her weep agood,

For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam,

Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning

For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ;

Which so lively acted with my tear,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,

If I, in thought, felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.

Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !

I weep myself to thin upon thy words.

Here youth, there is my purse ; I give thee this,

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Far well, —

[*Exit Silvia.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't if e'er you know her.

A virtuous lady, mild and beautiful.

Alas ! how love can trifle with itself !

Here is her picture : let me see ; I think,

If I had such attire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers.

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

O thou senseless form !

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;

And, were there sense in his idolatry,

My substance should be statue in thy stead.

Come shadow ! —

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake.

Scene changes near the Friar's Hall. Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The morn advances, here's the friar's cell,

And now it is about the very hour

Silvia, near this place, thou'd meet me.

She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours

Unless it be to come before their time :

So much they spur their expedition.

See where she comes. Lady, a happy morning.

Enter Silvia disguis'd and mask'd.

Sil. Amen, Amen. Go on, good Eglamour,

Out at the postern by the abbey wall :

I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not ; the forest is not three leagues off ;

If we recover that, we're safe enough.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lord Thurio.

Thurio. WELL—I am certainly a person of considerable attractions ! Lady Silvia cannot remain

remain much longer unsubstid'd by a man of my accomplishments! My last serenade was powerful! [*Sings an affected voluntary.*] But I must practice my new song—This must bring her down. What! a man of my estate! my figure! my parts! to be baffled thus long! 'tis insufferable, and must not be endur'd.—

Enter sir Protheus, followed by Julia.

Sir Protheus, thou art my love-monger, and speakest skillfully—What says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. My lord, I find her milder than she was, And yet she takes exception to your person.

Thu. How! at my person! what, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. Well—I can make it something rounder; But what says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is, Black men are pearls inauteous ladies eyes.

Jul. (*Aside*) And there are pearls that put out ladies

Thu. How likes she my discourse? [*eyes.*]

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Julia. (*Aside*) But better, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she of my valour?

Pro. O my lord, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. (*Aside*) Because, I suppose, his cowardice is re-

Thurio. What says she to my birth? [*corded.*]

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Julia. (*Aside*) True, from a lord to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and wonders at them.

Thurio. Wherefore?

Jul. (*Aside*) That such an ass should own them.

Thu. But, friend, what says she to my accomplishments? My poetry, my music, and my voice?

Pro. O my dear lord, we have not time to enlarge On all your parts—for see—here comes the duke—

Enter the Duke.

Duk. How now, sir Protheus? how now Thurio? Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thurio. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro:

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then,

She's fled unto the banish'd Valentine:

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd from the forest,

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this morn', and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain foot,

That leads towards Mantua, whither they fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. (*Ex. Duke.*)

Tiu. Why this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune where it follows her:

I'll after more to be revenged of Eglamour,

Than for the love I bear to Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow more for Silvia's love,

Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her. (*Ex. Pro.*)

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love,

Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. (*Ex. Jul.*)

Tiu. Nay if they're all for following—I'll stay here,

And polish up this jewel of my brain—which, were

It finish'd, would melt the coldest maid to

Raptures—(*takes out a song*) la, la, la.

This will do—an exquisite idea—la, la, la.

Enter a Servant of the Duke's hastily.

Ser. My lord, his grace is waiting for you, sir

Protheus has gallop'd off. ———

Tiu. And we'll gallop after him—fal, fal, fal.—

I'll wait upon his grace. (*Ex. Servant.*) fal, fal, fal

Exit Thurio singing

The On laws part of the Forest. Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert / unfrequented woods!

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,

And to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record my woe!

O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was.

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

(Hallowing beard at a distance)

What hollo'ing, and what stirring is this to-day?

These are mates, that make their will their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase:

They love me well, yet I have much to do

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine—they come this way *(Exit, Val.)*

Enter Launce, in a fright, followed by Crab.

Launce. We are lost and undone! what will become of us? what could my master mean by sending me into this frightful forest, and saying he would follow? and then flew away out of my sight like lightning! a man that follows a young fellow in the pursuit of his mistress, might as safe ride after the devil upon a broomstick—I have seen two or three horrid, ill looking fellows at a distance!—and heard cries of distress! *(looking about frighted)* Have mercy on us!—ay—it is even so.—This is the place I have often heard of at Milan—They say this forest is inhabited by outlaws—cruel villains that eat men up alive!—What will become of me and my poor fellow traveller? *(cries.)* They will roast poor Crab, and eat him up for a tit bit! See—the harden'd wretch—he discovers no fears!—but he has more prudence than I have—and perhaps more courage too—however, I'll imitate his prudence—and appear valiant at least. *(Launce sings.)*

“And when that he lost both his legs,—

“He fought upon his stumps.

I'm afraid that's more than I could do—or my friend Crab either, *(startling)* have mercy on us! I thought it was a gun levell'd at us—and 'tis only the wither'd branch of an old tree!—Ay—these are the dangers my poor mother *(with tears in her eyes)* said her dear, sweet, boy would be exposed to

(Enter three Outlaws, who present their guns at Launce.)

4 *Out.* Stand there!

Launce. (trembling) Ay, dear good gentlemen come and hold me quickly, or I shan't be able to stand long.

4 *Out.* Why do you tremble, friend?

Launce. Ay, sir, it is a disease I am troubled with—it will end with a falling-sickness—but I hope it won't cost me my life.

4 *Out.* That's as you behave—you must go before our captain,

captain, and be search'd and examine!—bring him along.
(*Exeunt.*)

Enter three Outlaws, bringing in Silvia.

1 *Out.* Come, come, madam, be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one, have learned me how to brook this patiently. Consider my sex and breeding—you shall need no ransom!

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where's the gentleman that was with her?

2 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he has outrun us;
But Moses and Valerius follow him,
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape—
Conduct the lady—We'll follow him that fled—

Two of them run off, and leave the first Outlaw with Silvia.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave,
Fear not—he bears an honourable mind.——

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee!

(*The Outlaw is leading Silvia off.*)

Protheus rushes on, follow'd by Julia, their swords drawn.

Pro. Villain! unhand the lady, or thou dy'st

(*The Outlaw runs off.*)

Madam—this service I have done for you

(Though you respect not ought, your servant doth)

To hazard life, and rescue you from those,

That wou'd have forc'd your life and honour from you—

Vouchsafe me for my meed but one kind look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.

Sil. O miserable! unhappy that I am!

(*Here the Outlaw that was driven off, returns with Valentine.*)

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;

But by my coming I have made you happy. (awhile!)

Val. (Aside.) Silvia!—love lend me patience to forbear

Sil. By thy approach, thou mak'st me most unhappy—

I'd rather be the hungry lion's prey,

Than have false perjur'd Protheus rescue me!

Oh! heav'n be judge, how I love Valentine!

Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;

And full as much, for more cannot be,

Do I detest false, perjur'd Protheus!

Therefore begone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?

Oh! 'tis the curse of love, and still approv'd,

When women cannot love, where they're below'd,

Sil. When Protheus cannot love where he's belov'd!
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best, love!
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths! and all those oaths
Descended into perjury! false man!
Thou counterfeited to thy true friend, Valentine!

Pro. In love who respects friends?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll move you like a soldier, at arms end,
And force you.

(*He seizes her.*)

Sil. O Heavens!

Val. (*comes forward*) Ruffian! let go that rude, uncivil
Thou friend of an ill fashion! Seize him.

(*touch!*)

Pro. (*starting*) Valentine! (*Protheus retires to the side of
the scene, guarded by the Outlaws, and attended by Julia.*)

Val. My dearest Silvia, (*runs and catches her in his arms.*)

Kind heav'n has heard my fervent prayer!

And brought my faithful Silvia to my arms!

There is no rhetoric can express my joy!

Sil. It is delusion all! alas! we dream!

And must awake to wretchedness again!

O Valentine! we are beset with dangers!

Val. Dismiss those fears, my love;—here, I command!
No power on earth shall ever part us more. (*Turning to Pro.*)

Thou common friend! that's without faith or love!

For such a friend is now! thou treach'rous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me: now, I dare not say

I have one friend alive! thou would'st disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when the right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,

I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: O time accurst!

When, among foes, a friend shou'd be the worst!

Prepare for death.

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me——

If to repent——if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

Tender't here. I do as freely suffer,

As e'er I did commit——I merit death.

Jul. Ah me, unhappy——

Sil. Look to the youth.

[*Awakes.*]

Val.

Val. Why boy! how now? what's the matter? look up—speak—

Jul. *(on the ground.)* O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia, which out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis.

[gives the ring]

Pro. How? let me see!

This is the ring I gave to Julia!

Jul. Oh, ery you merrey, sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart I gave this unto Julia!

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me,
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

(rising.)

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths;
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart;
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
—Oh, Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment! If shame live
In a disguised love—

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: oh heav'n!
But constant, he were perfect; that one error *(were man)*
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Sil. Come, come, a hand from either—
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
Nor must such friends as you be longer foes.

Pro. If the poor penitent can be forgiven?

Val. Forgiven, say'st thou? Ay—thus I am paid,
And once again I do receive thee honest:
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd!
Thy Valen'ine, and Julia, both are thine.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n! I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine *(Noise without, A prize! a prize!)*

Enter Outlaws with the Duke and Thurio.

Val. Forbear, forbear—It is my lord the duke.
Yo ur grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

OF VERONA.

51

The banish'd Valentine!—*Duke.* Sir Valentine!

Thurio. Yonder is Silvia! and Silvia is mine. (*Advancing.*)

Val. Thurio, give back; or else embrace thy death.

Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Do not name Silvia thine! If once again,

Milan shall not behold thee! here she stands;

Take but possession of her with a touch!

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love—

Thu. Not I! Sir Valentine, I care not for her—

I hold him but a fool that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not,

I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. O thou poor, thou base, degenerate Lord!

I see my error now—and not too late, thank heav'n.

—Now by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine!

And think thee worthy of an empress' love!

Know then, I here forget all former griefs;

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

Enter Speed, with a disguise on his arm.

Speed. Well—since his grace has made my good master happy, I beg I may have leave to make him and this good company merry; I only pray you conceal your faces a little, and I'll introduce two of the most comical prisoners that ever were yet taken in this forest— [*He claps on his disguise.*] Here my brethren—Bring them along—

(*Outlaws drag in Launce, and his dog Crab, Launce crying.*)

Speed. Why, you crying whoreson knave, what's the matter with you? Are you afraid of dying?

Launce. Yes, dear sir—because the poor family of the Launces we left behind us in Verona, will break their hearts when they hear of our untimely end—poor Crab and I—ay—this comes of travelling into foreign parts for improvement.

Out. Come, come, you whining rascal, no more complaining, prepare to die like a man.

Speed. Why, your companion, Crab, here, behaves better than you—he don't take on to—he don't shed one tear.

Launce. No—no—he has no bowels—he is hard-hearted—I knew that before. He won't shed one tear if you were to execute me (his best friend) before his face—when I should drown myself in tears, if you were to put him to

the least torture—but we are not made all alike—and yet, we are sometimes doom'd to suffer alike —

Speed. Come, let us be contented with one of their lives—let them draw lots which shall suffer.—*r Out.* Agreed.

Speed. Come—draw—the longest draw lives.

Launce. Ah, dear sir,—I cannot die—nor can I live, if you kill my poor Crab.

(The company burst into a laughter; Launce seems amaz'd.)

Speed. *(uncover.)* Why, Launce! why the fright you are in about dying, takes away your eye-sight! why you can't see your best friends? Permit me my dear Launce, to welcome you to the forest. *(Takes his hand.)*

Launce. What do I see? I shall lose my breath! I shall now certainly die with joy! what! my master? Sir Valentine, the duke, and the whole court!—I am disgrac'd, I am undone. Who the devil would have thought of such a masquerade trick as this? *(All come forward.)*

Val. 'Tis well—all here are friends—my noble lord, I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal, Are men endu'd with worthy qualities: Forgive them what they have committed here, And let them be recall'd from their exile. They're reform'd, civil, full of good, And fit for many useful employments —

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee; Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts. Come, let us go, we will include all jars With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold, With our discourse, to make you grace to smile. What think you of this page, my worthy lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as you pass along, That you will wonder what hath fortun'd. Come, Protheus, 'tis your penance but to hear The story of your loves discover'd; That done, our day of marriage shall be yours, One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Pro. A convert to this truth I stand confess'd, That lovers must be faithful, to be bless'd. *(Exeunt omnes.)*

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